

miniMAG

issue182
new phone who dis



Give

René Bennett

Is it giving Gypsy Rose Blanchard freshly emerged into the woebegone cybernautic age of short-form video content and bulge pic frenzy on the TL? Is it giving masturbating with phone in one hand and genitals in the other, sometimes forgetting which is which? Is it giving biblically accurate Lana stan who used to frequent Hot Topic and remembers after the fourth drink a time when things seemed, but perhaps were not entirely, simpler? Is it giving mommy issues projected onto a Getty Image of Rihanna? Is it giving getting forgiven for getting cancelled for giving nothing to the shady GoFundMe link? Is it giving searching for fierceness in a world that vacuously calls out its name without knowing how to invoke its presence? Is it giving modern-day Carrie Bradshaw maxed out serotonin rushes from hyperposting and has lost her affinity for language? Is it giving something we'll text about later? Is it giving bluntly horny Grindr notification while I'm holding your hand in an ambulance on the way to the E.R.? Is it giving glam goth cat-eye diva doll who crashed her rideshare motorbike on the way to the e-girl meetup? Is it giving collapsed on G with a broken phone at the techno party in pursuit of meaning something to someone? Is it giving a hundred mutuals whose virtual phantoms have become weightless could-have-beens silently watching over in the face of missed connection? Is it giving Mother Suspiria on an open-air cinema screen where everyone's waiting for the movie to end so they can check their feed? Is it giving dead celebrity whose legacy carries on through an AI language model marginally simulating meaningful company? Is it giving Elvis Presley if he slayed, making lines on a Macbook Pro before finding God at the seat of an overused house party toilet? Is it giving I was a fool for loving you but it was the first time nothing else mattered? Is it giving a strange kind of light that's devoid of the Algorithm and whatever comes after that, and after that, and after that? *The light pulls you in, and it's giving yes, it's giving grace, it's giving ascension.*



Brave Dreams & Dive-Bar Stew

Nicholas Viglietti

Bar edge brutality in the depths of last-night's werewolf transformation to a new, ugly morning. I slow sip it, but not all the time, ya know, although tonight felt smoother than all those other one's that I can barely remember. Reggie and Julio had slippin' fingers, and were losin' stool cushion, and I knew tomorrow would be rougher than it would be or should.

"How 'bouts we call it, tonight, dudes, I'm tryin' to make the line-up, in the AM, whaddaya say?" Trey said, and he surfed goofy style; not like position, but rather, he spent more time paddlin' and swimmin' than the cruise-side of a wave face—the water would be all gloss and glisten.

Julio yucked a few hiccups; shades on, and his moral compass ran true, so I sent him out, and pinned an arrival time note to the collar of his flamboyant shirt—he always makes it home to an angry and frantic girlfriend, but he swears she's sweet—I bet, *because of all the yappin' he's missin'.*

I swung back into the deserted barroom like a Wednesday after a 3-day, & 3-stage, dj & beats, festival. It was completely devoid of a purpose to drink, but Reggie's always thirstier than the amount of booze on hand.

Bar-Top obscene: Reggie was mutterin' more drool than eloquence, and Trey started to pop knuckles trained to smash men with brave dreams.

After 4-hours, and a few extra minutes of snooze, I'd be carvin' waves like Thanksgivin' Americans do. However, at the brevity of the instant, I could barely see if it was one chair at a table or two... I heimliched my gut, lost my air, but kept the poo... our stupidity keeps the world from coming unglued.

I popped, surf-style, to my feet, and they babbled loudly. Reggie's heels staggered, Trey laid in tersely; I side-stepped everything that wasn't there and collided with every stationary thing that couldn't move.

Finally, I got to where they were, and heard the point of their jabbering, their boil, the place & time where truth meets gumption: dive-bar stew.

"You don't know nothin,' let me tell ya, that ain't good; the color is glum... just like ya're dumb... give me a drink, c'mon, be cooler than that painting, behind ya," Reggie slathered, X's over eyes, and Trey had the look of a man making a decision between satisfaction, and the inconvenience of fist-skin, splintered by teeth.

"Hey, hey, bro-migos... what are we talkin' about... let's not get all twisted and constricted like a man-eating jungle snake," I said, "Trey, hey, look at me; ole Reg-dawg is a live, drunken-wire, rambler, and Reggie, anybody can judge the quality of good in anything...take *class* for instance, Ima drunk who got's-it, and you the kind that ain't."

They had perplexed stares, and I stumbled on a heavy piece of neon glare. "Shut the fuck up, Nico," Trey spat—I put my hands up, properly tripped into a chair and did just that.

"Reggie!" Trey shouted—it perked my eyes straight, "I suggest you move to the door, because if I come around this bar, your head will have a dent."

Ole Reg-dawg had spectacular balance for a boogie-boarding, dick-draggin' son-of-a-gun, holdin' his feet—I kept thinking: *these seedy nights are gettin' bleak.*

I knew I needed to get up, get Reggie, but my legs were curled and bent, and, well, it was his face that would get a dent. So, I sat and watched the show. Trey made moves, and Reggie was braver than this moment required him too. "Stop!" Reggie blurted like a loud fart that gets away from clenched cheeks.

We all froze. Then, Reggie said, "the freest painting is the literary word; because one sentence can elucidate a million images that are beautifully different."

My brain barely worked, however, Reggie was poignant, for, what I thought, was, at least, worth one more beer and a shot—it seemed like cool would pervade.

Trey got loose because any drunk talkin' like that, must have his conscience, semi-to-pretty-close-to-intact. I figured the same and got my top-slop to goopy feet, banged on my cheeks, and slid like shaky ice-skates to the door—I'd probably give my return, at least, a week.

Trey, assumed Reggie would do the same, as did I, and I turned and said, "Reggie... where we goin'?"

He stared at Trey, and sputtered, "too bad... ya only think 'bout stupid things... stupider than your mother." I cringed in the light flap of the seedy saloon's door.

Reggie wore an eye-patch for a week, he's got vertigo, and his wife tells me his left nostril whistles when he snores, and he doesn't like the beach-side dive scene, anymore.





Endless Scroll

Anna Crandall

I tell the Greeks, When I've had a bad day I swipe up and look at a small
square of glass.

Some ancient endless text
unscrolling in front of my eyes.
It holds all the answers.

I learn how to correctly prune a fiddle leaf fig
or

how to play the fiddle

I see a dog and a cheetah that are friends.

Look! They're taking a bath together. Awww!

There's a picture of someone I know I think
from that one place a long time ago.

They feel almost human.

They're engaged. Or pregnant. Or married. Or divorcing.

They have something to say about it.

They're saying live, laugh, love. LOL.

They're traveling somewhere and they're pretending to pinch a famous
landmark between their fingers

the leaning tower scrolling down, down, down until it's now
A Woman in a swimsuit climbing out of a shell telling me to buy A Thing
so I can also climb out of a shell
or
have amazing breasts
or
something
I'm going too fast, I've missed it
but I know I want a new
Swimsuit
New body
New lotion
New baby
New jewelry
New skin
New house
New car
New soul
New shoes
New news
New heart
New hands to hold it all

And I say to Sisyphus,
How do you keep rolling up that hill when it's so much easier to scroll down?
And I say to Atlas,
You don't have to hold it all
just get to the end and you'll feel
numb
it's easy to cross over Lethe—
use your thumbs.



Novena for our dissolution

Jennifer Molnar

O little martyr of Love

O words swallowed before they could leave the throat

O silent prayer O one whom my soul loves O many who came before

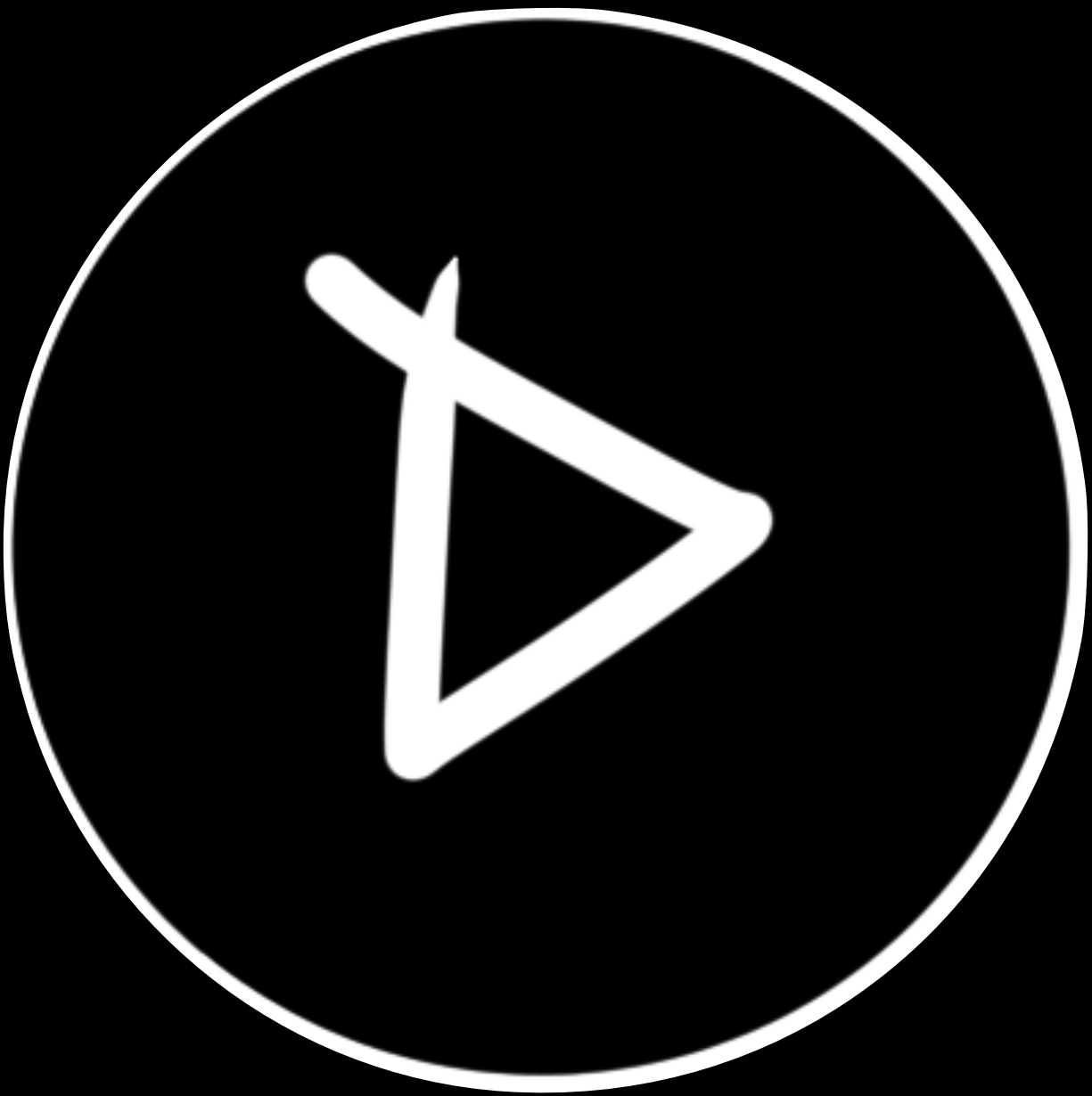
If there is any intercession that will slake the soul's sorrow

Name the sacred price of our redemption Our ardent desire

O fervent heart O eyes turned always toward promise of the rapture

If this ruin is of my own making do I know what it is to be divine





url: minimag.press
subs: minimagsubmissions@gmail.com
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twitter: @minimag_lit
insta: @minimag_write
book: <https://a.co/d/8bTfxxI>

“Give” by René Bennett
Insta: @nativityobscene
Website: <https://renebennett.persona.co/>

“Brave Dreams & Dive-Bar Stew” by Nicholas Viglietti
Insta: @enico_chillietti
X: @nviglietti0

“Endless Scroll” by Anna Crandall
Insta: @fingercommittee
Website: <https://linktr.ee/marbletrickwire>

“Novena for our dissolution” by Jennifer Molnar
Insta: @nicotown
Book: [Occam’s Razor](#)

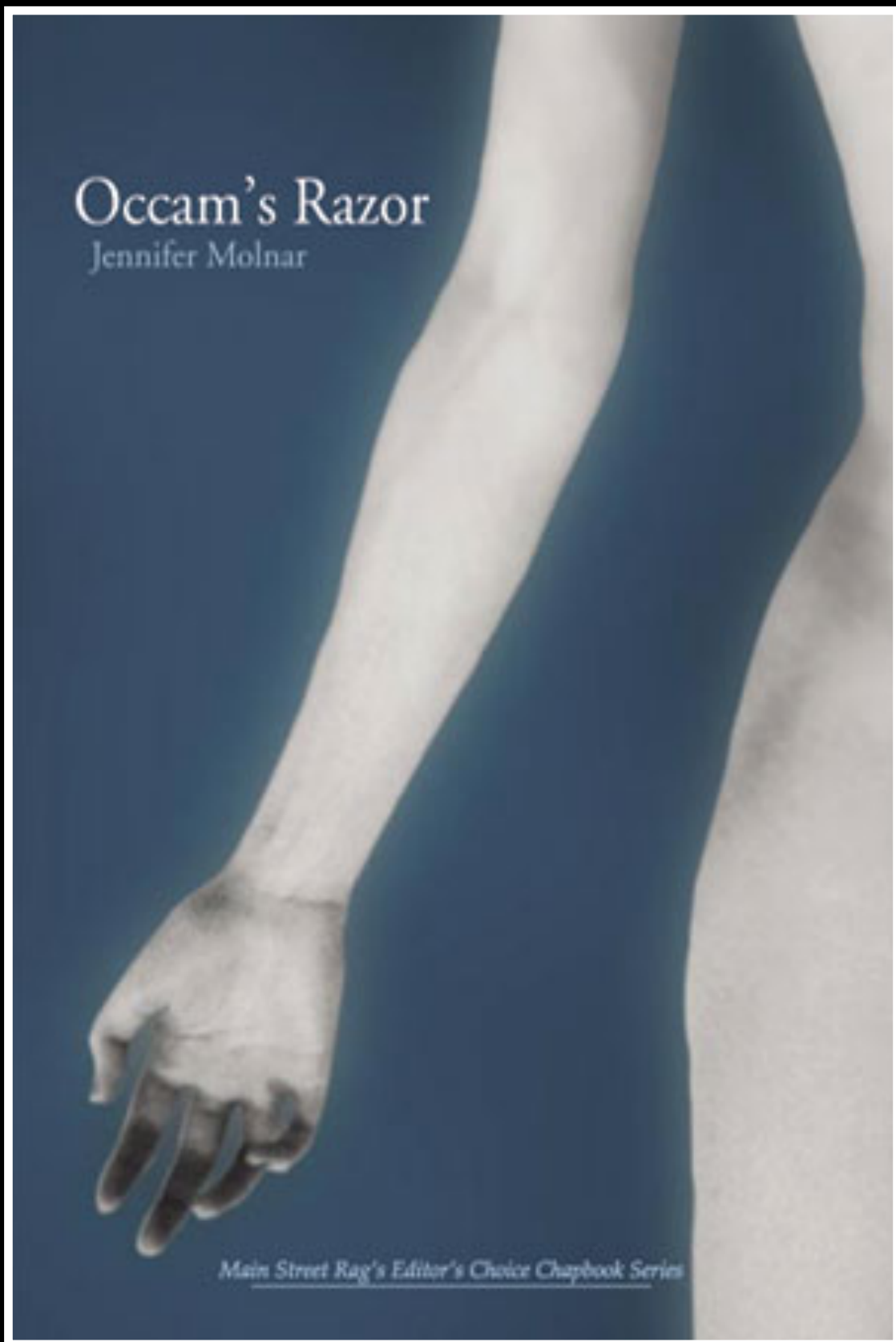
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